Hannibal's Nightmare

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Hannibal’s Nightmare

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

This time it isn’t Will who has nightmares but Hannibal. His demons from the past came back to haunt him one night in Cuba. Will is there for him and comforts his lover.

A Twitter thread posted here as a backup.

Notes

Sorry for writing the same trope over and over again in similiar variations but I needed this as comfort 🥺 I’m struggling and use this as a form of self-therapy to cope.

There was this time when Hannibal woke Will up for once from his light slumber. The humid climate of Havana made it hard to get some decent sleep anyway. Alerted by the pitiful noise, his eyes flew open. He raised his head and dragged his body closer to Hannibal's. Agonizing, high-pitched whimpers escaped Hannibal's mouth.

"Mischa," Hannibal whined. His body convulsed with tremors and his breathing went erratic. "A...Abigail."Hearing her name after all this time broke his heart. Nevertheless, Will immediately snuggled closer to his lover's sweat-stained, sun-kissed back and wrapped an arm around his waist.

"No....I...don't..don't want to kill you," Hannibal cried, still not fully awake. "Shh,baby", Will cooed and brought his lips to Hannibal's ear, brushing away the damp, peppered bangs."It's just a bad dream." Hot tears spilled down Hannibal's face and he didn't stop jerking and mumbling in his sleep. "Haaanibal", Will said louder, shaking his shoulders now.

Hannibal twitched again in the bed and hit Will with his elbows and his foot. Knowing Hannibal didn't do this on purpose, Will still gritted his teeth in anger and pulled away to flick on the lights, even if it would attract all kinds of flies at this hour. The bright light blinded him and he squinted.

So did Hannibal. His lover stirred in the bed and finally looked at Will through narrowed eyes. "Will....," he said, panting. "Why...?" Will poured a glass of water and walked over to Hannibal's side. Will sat on the edge of the bed and handed it to him.

Hannibal accepted it and gulped the water down instantly. "Thank you, Will," he said quietly but averted his gaze. "It's nothin'", Will drawled, eying him attentively. "But you had a nightmare, Hannibal." His lover sighed. Will waited patiently until Hannibal was ready. The chirping of crickets and the waves lapping against the shore could be heard.

"Yes...so I did," Hannibal finally acknowledged begrudgingly, still not allowing himself to be so vulnerable. Will climbed into the sheets again and cuddled up to him. He brought Hannibal's hand to his lips and kissed it. "Hey. I just want you to know that it's okay."

Will squeezed his hand and kissed it again. Hannibal still looked pensively and hesitant. "It's okay that you have nightmares," Will assured him. "You're human after all, Hannibal. " Hannibal finally looked up at Will. Tears still shone in his amber-brown eyes.

"It is truly unsettling," he murmured. "That the past is buried so deeply into one's subconscious." Will smiled sadly at that. He knew how that was like. To dream of Abigail. To hallucinate her whenever he went. "It's a tricky thing, isn't it?" Will said, eying him sideways.

Hannibal wiped away the tears running down his cheeks. "Yes. Very much." He heaved a sigh and sifted a hand through Will's mane. "I guess that I haven't digested the loss of them as well as I thought," he admitted. Will remained silent. "I always brushed and pushed it away."

Will listened attentively and allowed Hannibal to toy with his hair. The wrinkles in his face became prominent in the light. “And that’s not very sustainable,” Will assessed. Hannibal nodded and rested his hand on Will’s shoulder. “I guess I’m a lousy psychiatrist.”

“You’re an unconventional psychiatrist but not a lousy one,” Will insisted, his voice growing bold. “You brought out my true self taught me to accept my inner monster.” Hannibal tensed and withdrew but Will didn’t let him and kept his face between his hands.”Hannibal, I’m here to stay! I have accepted my inner darkness long ago.”

His blue eyes flashed up. “I will stay with you until whatever is going to happen to us,” he said loudly. His digits traced the wrinkles and crow’s feet. He leaned forward and sealed it with a kiss. Hannibal moaned and relaxed. “It would have been nice to show Abigail the world. To see how she would grow up.”

Will withdrew a little. The idea of Abigail being robbed of a happier adulthood stung. “You know better than me than Abigail had no chance in the long run,” he reminded Hannibal. He kissed him again. “I hope that she is comfortable now wherever she may be.”

“I just wanted to have a family again,” Hannibal spoke in a cracking voice. “After I lost everything. I wanted to make the teacup whole again. Instead, I shattered another one.”He buried his head into Will’s smooth chest. Will’s eyes burned with tears as he absorbed Hannibal’s pain.

“But we are a family now.”

Hannibal sobbed, clinging to Will’s chest. Will swayed him in his arms while humming a tune of an old country song. He waited patiently until his lover had let it all out. After a while, Hannibal let go and sat up again, looking serene and more like his usual self again.

“Maybe we should visit their graves - Abigail’s and Mischa’s,” Will suggested. “To give you some closure.”

“That would be a good idea, albeit risky. Thanks, beloved. I’ll consider it.” Will merely shrugged.

“Should I remind you of how many times I woke you up when I had one of these damn nightmares about the cliff? When I screamed at night?” Will raised his eyebrows. Hannibal opened his mouth to speak but Will cut him off. “Don’t tell me that this is nothing.”

“You are here for me and I am here for you,” Will purred. He tousled Hannibal’s hair and tilted up his chin. “That’s the only promise I want. Can you do that?” Hannibal peaked up at Will and almost seemed like an adorable, clingy puppy right now. Will found that sweet.

But that was deceiving. This vulnerable version of Hannibal Lecter was only reserved for him. All the other people would get a cold, detached, and composed version. Some less fortunate would get to see the cold-blooded predator in action. “Yes, I’ll promise,” Hannibal finally said. “And you know that I keep all of them.” Will’s lips twitched in amusement

“Then it’s settled,” Will said. He yawned and stretched his arms and his vulnerable shoulder. Hannibal sat up. “Is there anything else you need?” Hannibal shot him a mischievous glance. “I don’t know how you feel but I would be amenable to a cold, refreshing shower and a midnight snack right now.”

Will grinned and jumped off the bed, too, wrapping his hands around Hannibal’s waist and touching his hardening cock. “It has definitely gotten way too hot in here, Doctor,” he drawled. Hannibal growled and pulled his lover into the bathroom to consummate their love.

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